

Hidden Past, Unsure Future

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Summary: Nike forgets her true past to spare the pain. Untill she sees her future.

1. One

> <meta name="Generator">

Hidden Past, Unsure Future

Summary: Nike forgets her true past to spare the pain. Until she sees her future.

Rating: G

Author: Lesietta Wehs aka LP

Disclaimer: I do not own Star Wars, or any recognizable characters from the movies, comics, or books. These belong to George Lucas. I do, how ever, own the other characters used.

Author's Note: This originally started as a story called Araya. Its been changed a bit to fit Star Wars, where I think it really belongs. I can't tell you lots about what happens, but let's just say Nike is not who she seems. Feedback is wanted!

Nike slammed her fist against the dashboard of her ship, Sacred Flower.

"Come on, you piece of crap!" she said, urging the ship to work. "I'm gonna get caught! This load's worth 7,000 credits!"

Standing up, she yelled for her protocol droid.

"Yes, Mistress Nike?" the silvery-blue droid said.

"Make this ship work! We have to jump to light speed now! Do you know what the consequence for smuggling IS?"

"According to the law book, the consequences for smu-" the droid began.

"I don't care what they are! Now make this piece of space trash do the jump, while I go make sure the load is hidden, ok?"

"Yes ma'am." The droid said, heading towards the controls.

Nike ran down the hall, then bent over and removed a false floor tile. She knelt down and looked inside.

100 wooden crates filled with rare silks from Xazra, an outer rim planet. She quickly stood up, and replaced the tile.

She ran back to the control room. "So, have we made the jump?"

"No, Mistress Nike." The droid, called Saqu, responded.

"No?" she said, flatly.

Suddenly a noise from the back of the ship made her flinch. "Sithspawn!" she hissed. "Code 6234 positions."

Saqu nodded, and put the ship on manual, so it would appear that he was the flight droid.

The group of 3 patrollers entered.

"What seems to be the problem?" Nike said, innocently.

"Nothing to worry about, Miss. Who's in charge of this ship, I need to speak to him or her." The tallest one informed her.

"I am. This is my ship, the Sacred Flower. My name is Nike Quicksilver, my guardians are Wiya and Asa Otect. Over there is my personal droid, Saqu, his numbers are 7832-243CQE." She paused. "I am traveling from my homeworld of Corellia to the planet of Tattooine, to pick-up new students for the academy. I have clearance, if you would like to see it. My ship's call letters are HTY-393. Oh, and I'm 14 years old. Have I answered all your questions?" she told the three men.

"Uhâ€¦ well, yes. I see. " The shortest stuttered. " Sorry to have bothered you."

They turned to leave, then stopped. "You haven't heard anything about someone smuggling silk- have you?"

"No, sir." She replied.

"Please contact us if you hear anything. Our comm frequency is 543-33456-332." The tall one said.

"I will."

The finally left, and as soon as the ship had left view, Nike jumped to hyperspace.

"Sucker." She muttered, and then grinned. "I love this!"

*****To Be
Continued*****

2. Two

> <meta name="Generator"> Hidden Past, Unsure Future

Hidden Past, Unsure Future

Part: 2

Author: Lesietta Wehs aka LP

Rating: G

Disclaimer: I don't own Star Wars, but most of these characters are MINE. Well, except for Luke and Beru and Owen, obviously. I'm just borrowing them, I swear!

Summary: this part: Nike returns home after a smuggling run, and reflects on things

Over all: Nike forgets her own past until she has a vision.

Author's Note: Not much happens, but you get an idea of where Nike comes from. More to come on the Lars thingâ€¦

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"An academy? They BELIEVED you?" Kajsa asked, incredulously.

"Yeah, I was shocked too. I mean, it was such a LAME cover story." Nike replied, leaning back in her chair with this huge grin on her face.

"You always get so lucky with those types of things. Once I was with Fenja, and she had to pretend I was insane to save my sorry ass." Her friend said, with a slight giggle.

They would probably would have continued talking, but at that moment Wiya entered the room. "Ok, time for bed." She announced.

This announcement was met by a chorus of groans.

"It's one in the morning, you all need rest."

A collective sigh was heard as the group of children in the room got up and headed to their quarters.

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Nike flopped down on her bed, and yawned. She reached over and grabbed her diary out of a drawer on her night stand, and began to write.

—

Sometimes I can't believe what I'm doing, how my life has changed in the past two years. But that's all in the past, and no use staying on that subject. All the same, I really miss Juliet and Zain. I do wonder if they are even alive, and if they are, where are they, are they together? Or separated from each other, as well as me?

Why do I bother? That's no longer me. At least not to others. What I do tell them is I was a street rat back on Tatooine. Why should they believe any different? Even Wiya and Asa don't know.

I know Luke, Owen, and Beru knew that I was never really from there at all. They were so nice to me, why didn't I stay?

Oh, of course. It was too sudden. By no means was I ready for new 'parents', a new 'brother'. That desert world is so foreign to me. I couldn't have survived there, most defiantly not. Corellia is my home, as it always has been, and always will be.

—

Running out of things to write for the moment, she replaced her diary in its proper spot, and rolled over onto her back.

She closed her eyes, still thinking about her year on Tatooine.

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Flashback

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It was dark, but then, of course, both of the suns had set several hours ago. And it was cold, unexpectedly so to the girl who still wondered around. 'I can't believe I'm separated from Jewls. I'll probably never see her ever again. Ever.' She thought unhappily.

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But out in the distance, she saw lights. Lights? House? In the desert? 'It must be a moisture farm.. I wonder if they'd let me stay the night. Only one way to find out.'

She continued walking, and finally reached the farm. She timidly knocked gently on the door. A few moments later, a blonde hair, blue eyed, slight short male answered the door. He looked to somewhere around her age, which made her wonder why HE was answering the door, in such a dangerous place.

"Hello." He said simply. "Who are you?"

"Um, I-I was wondering if I could stay the night here. I don't have a place to stay and I'm all alone-"

She would have kept going on with her explanation, but at that moment, a kind looking woman came up behind Luke.

"You need a place to stay?"

The girl nodded.

"You're welcome to stay here. Come in. before you freeze. The desert gets so cold at night." She smiled, and moved back a step so the visitor could come in.

"Thank you." The girl said softly.

"My name is Beru Lars, and this is Luke Skywalker." She said, indicating the boy who had answered the door. "That over there is my husband Owen." She paused. "If you don't mind me asking, what's your name? And why are you all alone in such a place?"

The girl hesitated. They seemed nice enough. "I'm Lesietta. And I'm all by myself because my parents are dead. My mother- she died just recently."

'Yeah, like, last week recently.' She thought miserably.

"I'm sorry."

The girl bit her lip. "She died with honor." Was all she said.

'You're sorry? So am I.'

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End Flashback.

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Nike bit her lower lip, tears springing to her eyes. "I'm sorry too." She said softly, before falling asleep, tired from the day's events.**_ _**

3. Three

> <meta name="subject"> Hidden Past, Unsure Future

Hidden Past, Unsure Future

Part 3

Disclaimer: Nike is mine, so are the other smugglers. You know who I don't own, and if you don't, go watch Star Wars again.

Author's Note: Finally I kill the Writer's Block Sith.

DIIIIIIIIIIE!!! Um, uh, Anyway, please R & R. The bit of song isn't mine, it belongs to Kendall Payne, and the song is call Fatherless at

Fourteen. Kendall Payne sings the theme to the show, Popular'. Not the same song. Anyway on with the story. This is an AU. Corellia has a royal family. Rachel and Jacob. (LOL! Sorry Rachel, plllleaaase don't hurt me. You two would look so CUTE together.) I'm also switching POV. Maybe just for this part of the story. Who knows? Also, the plot twists a bit.

7/31- i fixed typos. Have learned a lesson- I must proof read.

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I stand, watching. I am frightened, to a point where I can't move, can't scream, or cry. All I can do, much to my horror, is watch. The woman, slightly on the short side, her hair is near the color of mine. Her face, usually so beautiful is currently twisted in to a mask of terror, that she is trying to hide. Trying to be brave. For me. For Juliet. The sith, he is dressed in a deep blue flight suit, with insignia, which I recognize as the emblem of the Royal Courts of Corellia. He must have stolen it. My father use to wear one like that. The woman slices down with her lightsabre, the color of dusty emeralds. The sith, the Dark One, he block the blow, and with one swift motion he knocks her to the ground, grabs her sabre with the Force, and flings it through the air, far away. He also takes her blaster, her only other weapon. Ye Gods, what is he going to do? She tries to roll away, to get to a safe place. But he puts the blaster to her chest. He does not threaten. He simply shoots.

"MAMA!!!!!" My voice rings out in to the night. I am breathing heavily, and my hair sticks to my face, from a cold sweat that is there.

A dream. It had been a dream.

As my brain slowly registers the fact, my eyes adjust to the darkness, As I look around, I listen, also.

Playing softly, is my radio, but I do not recall leaving it on. I strain my ears to hear the music, what I hear send a shiver down my spine.

Heaven's quite a sight to see

I'm sure you'll be here too

And though it's beautiful my dear, it can't compare to you, compare to you.

The song ended, and the radio was silent. My mother had a music disk with that song on it. She once said that if my father could speak to us, after his death, she was sure that's what he'd say to me. Could it be her? She was a Jedi Master, and could be her, especially after that nightmare.

Stupid. When people die, they die.

Suddenly I realize I am thirsty. I stand and cross my room, taking a blanket with me. It often gets cold at night.

The door creaks as I open it. But no one has seemed to notice, which would be highly unlikely, because no one noticed when I screamed.

I slowly creep down the hall, to the kitchen, it's dark also, but I leave the lights off.

From the refrigerator, I take a bottle of water, and turn around to find a lightsabre in my face. It's red, and I've seen it before. I'm the only Jedi here, with Wiya and Asa.

Uh-oh.

Something tells me I'm screwed.

4. Four

> <meta name="Generator"> Hidden Past, Unsure Future

Hidden Past, Unsure Future

Part 4

Disclaimer: Blady Blady Blah. You should know by nowâ€|

As I watch the presumed sith lord in from of me, I ponder what to do. I can, a) scream, b) run away c) make a smart remark or d) faint. At this time, c) sounds like a poor choice, so I opt for a).

I take a deep breath and really hope I don't lose my voice. When I scream, I notice that the sith takes a step back, and cowers a bit. Maybe he was a little close for it not to hurt his earsâ€|

Moments later, Wiya and Asa, followed closely by about half the population of the 'home' come running into the kitchen. Maybe they don't sleep as deeply as I thought. And maybe that's a bad thing.

"Uh, a little help here?" I ask, hoping they have realized what's going on, also hoping that I have not imagine the whole thing, because if that's the case, I'll look pretty stupid in a minute or two.

The sith grabs my arm. He's not a hallucination. Why do I always have bad luck? Anyhow, he may think so, but there is no way this moron is about to kidnap me. A quick kick to his shin should teach him a lesson.

Unfortunately, it has just occurred to me I probably did not want to make him angry, which he certainly way.

He glares at me a moment, then turns around, facing my friends.

With one wave of his hand, they've all collapsed to the floor.

There's an old saying. 'Where it rains, it pours.' Well, apparently the last four years of my life has been some freak rain storm. And here comes the metaphorical flood.

Now I pause for a moment, the sith, he's just staring at me, and probably thinking, 'stupid brat. To bad she's wanted alive, not dead.'

I continue to watch him, he is a murderer. He destroyed my entire family. I may never see my brother and sister ever again, because of him.

Slowly, I reach for where my blaster should hang from my belt. It, of course, is not there.

After several more moments of silence, the Dark One speaks.

"Now, are you going to come along calmly, or do I have to kill one or two of your friends?" he asks, coolly, calmly.

"Mrpf." Is the only reply I can muster.

"Good. We shall go now." He pushes me a bit, so that I'll start walking. I do.

I can't believe I am willing being kidnapped. A willing hostage I can see my self as, but a willing kidnapee? Does it still count as being kidnapped? Or is it now just running away.

I've got to stop thinking so hard and get back to the matter at hand.

"Where are you taking me?" I ask.

He does not respond.

"What did my family ever do wrong?"

Still, no answer.

"If Her Majesty Rachel gets wind of this-" I began. Queen Rachel had a reputation of being, very nasty to those who mistreated anyone involved with the Royal Courts of Corellia. Not only that, my mother had been good friends with her.

"Queen Rachel is of no concern. Not to mention she doesn't having anything to do with Nike Quicksilver." He said my name as if it were an insult.

He's right.

"I am very tired." I say, almost conversationally.

"You can sleep on the ship. You won't deal with interrogation droids until we arrive."

"Arrive WHERE?" I demand.

If he didn't think I was a brat before, he does now.

"Shut up."

Not the response I wanted.

We finally reach the ship. He grabs me by the arm again, and roughly pulls me into the ship, and then pretty much throws me into a room, of which he promptly locks the door.

Sith POV

I have finally taken care of that stupid brat. She behaves as if changing her name and appearances will prevent things from happening.

Dumb, like her mother.

Uhg. Just thinking of her mother disgusts me.

The girl will pay.

They all will pay.

End
file.